the King gone to night, ſubſcrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Gloſt. No, what needs then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it be nothing I ſhal not need ſpectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you ſir pardon me, it is a Letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets ſee, Lets ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to mee, that of this I may ſpeake more; if our Father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracy, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew: my ſonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunuing of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my Cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the carracter to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſweare it were his, but in reſpect of that, I would faine think it were not.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Is it his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope h
the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heeretõfore ſounde
neſſe?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often hea
it to be fit, that ſonnes at perfit age, and fathe
father ſhould be as Ward to the ſonne, and th
the reuenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion i
horrid villaine, vnnaturall deteſted bruitiſh vi
bruitiſh go ſir ſeeke him; I, apprehend him,
laine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my Lord, if it
ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother
riue from him better teſtimony of this intent,
certaine courſe, where if you violently procee
ſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great
honour, and ſhake in peeces the heart of his
pawne downe my life for him, hee hath wro
affection to your Honour, and to no further p

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honour iudge it meete, I wil
you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an a
haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any
this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and e
heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, wi
pray you frame your buſines after your owne
vnſtate my ſelfe ro be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conue
ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sunne and M
good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature c
thus, yet nature findes it ſelfe ſcourg'd by th